

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Price of the EVANGELIST to Jan. 1st, '95, \$1.40. No more back numbers can be supplied.

We would about as soon meet a man with the small-pox as a chronic fault-finder.

Bro. D. J. Myers, of Homerville, Ohio, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

The printer will not be able to get our ANNUAL out before next week. For this we are very, very sorry.

Do not persuade yourself to think because you are left to stand alone that it is because you are so much better than others. The probabilities are that the evil of your heart lies so close the surface of your life as to make your room more congenial than your company.

If you fail to read the sermon outline in the paper this week you fail to read one of the best things in it. We have an excellent series on "the church and the poor" by the same author which we shall soon begin publishing. They alone will be worth a year's subscription to the EVANGELIST.

Bro. Menaugh shows the true Christ spirit. Bro. Walter Clark has made us a proposition to be one of 50 to give 10 dollars for the purpose of paying Bro. Holsinger what we owe him. It would be an easy matter to pay Bro. H. if all had the will—it is the will rather than the means that is lacking.

In answer to the many prayers that have been offered for the saving of our dear child's life, we now feel that there is a change for the better. If symptoms continue favorable another week we shall give particulars. Continue to address all business matters to Chicago, 1884, thirty-eighth St., but all matter for the paper to Ashland, Ohio.

The letters from ministers of the G. B. Brethren church, which we expected to publish in number 2, were overlooked this week. Another name is added to the list. It is very evident to us that if we respect our bond of union, the day is very close, when large numbers will flock to us from that source—unless their Annual Meeting shall take a position in harmony with our own. This, the Annual Meeting is sure to do in course of time. Progressives in the Conservative branch of the Dunkard church, are anxiously looking forward for these changes. Their patience will not always last. We know many of our brethren do not regard this course of the Progressive Conservatives as the wisest, but time will demonstrate what is best, and right will ultimately triumph.

If you can not use a pastor, do not ruin his ability to good at every other place. The man you do not like may stand much higher in others estimation than you do.

If anyone has been in doubt concerning the propriety of young people's organizations we think if they will read Brother C. F. Yoder's article in this issue on page four the mists will be cleared away.

Brother, if your ministry is neither sought nor acceptable where you are do not make yourself both a burden and a bore to the church of God. Pull up stakes and go where listeners will gladly hear you. Above all things don't be a "dog in the manger."

We have now spent two weeks in the wild and wicked city of Chicago. Only a short time ago daring robbers in the heart of the city beat the treasurer of I. I. and I. railway into insensibility and robbed him of over \$21,000 cash. It would seem that the number of saloons is greater than the aggregate of the firms in every variety of legitimate trade. How long will it be until every professed follower will cast his ballot in the same direction he prays? The ministers of the city are making a house to house visit of the homes of the unemployed, and are making personal inquiries as to the causes. Out of about fifty families without employment or means of support visited by Bro. Orr, every one of the unemployed is a drinking man! Of the 50,000 in this great city without food, without clothing and without shelter, at the mercy of the chilling winds and biting frosts, homeless and dependent at least ninety-five per cent, are chargeable to the saloon; and yet there are thousands and thousands of men high up in church influence who join hands with the saloon-keeper at the polls. May God Almighty open our eyes to see the blood of our brothers whom we have helped to slay with the saloon sword, and hear the cries and groans of widows and orphans who have been made such by the Rum curse.

"YOU CAN LET IT ALONE."

A leading London physician recently related the following experience:

I was in my office one day some years ago, when a man entered who was written from head to foot with the record of his ruined life. That he was a drunkard was proved by his looks, his breath, his halting step, and his open confession. He told me that he had tried many methods of improvement, but all had failed, and he came to see me as a last resource. I was obliged to leave a few minutes after his arrival to keep an important engagement. His case seemed so utterly hopeless that I felt sure all the usual remedies would prove useless, and simply left him with

the words, "You can let liquor alone if you like; I do. I never drink."

About a year later a man came to my office, upright, reputable-looking in face, figure, and attire; he described the ragamuffin of whom I have just spoken, and asked if I remembered such a visitor, which I was enabled to do because I never in the course of my practice had seen a specimen of humanity so wretched and woebegone enter my door. The man then took from his pocket a photograph, and handed it to me and said, "Do you recognize the person I have described?" I said, "I think it is this very man here in the photograph." "Yes," replied my visitor, "and I am he."

This taxed my credulity to the utmost, but he went on to say that when I left him he walked along the street murmuring to himself, "That doctor does without liquor: he says I can let it alone if I like, and he ought to know." This was a gleam of hope, and he decided he would pass the next public-house, a thing he had not done for years. He went by, saying to himself, "I can let it alone if I like." In this way he went on passing many houses until he became quite sober, and succeeded in getting a little job of work; he took sixpence of the shilling he earned in this way, and had his portrait taken by a traveling photographer. From that day he went on, not from bad to worse, but from good to better. A voice kept saying to him, "You can let it alone if you like; the doctor does." And he was now a sober, industrious, and in a way successful man of business. "I do not know," said the doctor, with a smile, closing his story, "that anything in my life has ever given me more genuine satisfaction than this incident."

We would like to say to every physician, "Go thou and do likewise."—[*T Safe Guard*.]

The great design, both of judgments and mercies, is to convince us that *there is none like the Lord our God*, none so wise, so mighty, so good, no enemy so formidable, no friend so desirable, so valuable.—Matt. Henry.

A Christian should look with one eye upon grace to keep him thankful, and with the other eye upon himself to keep him mournful. The only way of keeping our crowns on our heads is the casting them down at His feet.—Dyer.

It is a good sign when the Lord blows off the blossoms of our froward hopes in this life and tops the branches of our worldly joys to the very root, on purpose that they should not thrive. Lord spoil my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved forever.—S. Rutherford.